

A
Congratulatory
POEM
TO HIS
Royal Highness
THE
PRINCE of ORANGE,
ON HIS
Happy Arrival.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Anthony Baskerville*, at the Bible at the Corner of
Essex-street, over against *St Clement's Church*,
MDC LXXXIX.

A
 Congratulatory Poem,

*To His Royal Highness the PRINCE
 of ORANGE.*

Hark! how the echoing Spheres do back resound,
 The mighty Joys which humane Voices sound.
 See there! what num'rous Crouds which almost make
 The Earth beneath their Weight to groan and shake.

What mean they thus to press the yielding Earth,
 And rend the Sky and Clouds with their loud Mirth?
 Sure there's some God descending from Above,
 Whose Blest Approach each tongue & heart doth move.
 Perhaps some *Hero* they expecting wait,
 Or the Blest Guardian of our Church and State.
 'Tis so! see there, the God-like Youth advance:
 How his Approach does all our Joys enhance!

Let our three Nations in one Confort join,
 To Celebrate his Praise in Songs Divine :
 Then let the Universe the *Chorus* sing,
 And *ORANGE*'s great Name throughout it ring.

Welcome, great Prince, most welcome to our Isle,
 May the propitious Pow'rs e'er on you smile,
 And may the Guardian Angels of our State,
 For ever on our great Protector waite.

The mighty *NASSAW* whose great Name alone
 Such Wonders in our *Brittish* Isles has done ;
 That 'twill amaze Posterity that reads
 His Noble Actions and his Glorious Deeds.

When in our Isles gross Superstitions spread,
 And gawdy Pomp the Ignorant misled ;
 When wicked Men all Law and Right withstood,
 And influenc'd Great *James*, by Nature good ;
 When wicked Counsels daily did assail
 Our Laws and Liberties, and still prevail :

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Then to our Aid the mighty *Hero* came,
At his Approach the Monsters soon grew tame,
Dispers'd like Vapours by the Sun's bright Ray,
Or like Night-Birds at the Approach of Day.

The Noble Youth, to give our Nation Peace,
Expos'd his Life, his Happiness and Ease;
For our Repose left his fair Princess Arms,
Her soft Embraces, and her Heav'nly Charms.
Like young *Adonis* he fair *Venus* flies,
Flies from her Arms, to seize the trembling Prize.
In vain she courts his Stay, in vain she pleads;
Alas in vain! When Honour interceeds.

Forfaking all the Blest Felicities,
His Court affords, or happy Peace supplies, }
He on the Sea imbarques, and dot'n despise }
The raging Billows of the Boist'rous Main,
Our Church and True Religion to maintain,

E'er

E'er we did his Assistance supplicate,
 His pious Haste our Wish anticipate.
 Just so the Gods of old forsook their Rest,
 To aid poor Mortals when they were oppress'd.

Who without Wonder can hear *NASSAW*'s Name
 So Celebrated in the Books of Fame :
 A Name that would become the God of War,
 Or even mighty *Jove* himself to bear.
 Oh happy Prince ! Descended from a Race
 Of Noble *Hero's*, You your Lineage trace.
 The Royal Blood, which is by you possess'd,
 Has through the Veins of King and *Hero's* past
 Their Blood and Valour is by you possess'd,
 Their Vertues all unite within your Brest.
 Vertues, which we in others scatter'd see,
 Unite in You, in You they all agree.

Oh most Illustrious *PRINCE* ! 'tis you must make
 The sleeping *Genius's* of our *Isles* awake.

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Rouze, Rouze the *English* Valour once again,
Which has so long dull and supinely lain :
The *Brittish* Lion, at whose Awful Rore
Proud *France* did ever tremble heretofore,
Begins again to raise his Royal Head,
To stretch his Limbs, and rise as from the Dead.
Methinks I see our Youth, with one Accord,
Advance, and cry, Lead on, *Illustrious* Lord ;
Lead on, brave P R I N C E, pursue thy great Design,
And may fresh Laurels round thy Temples twine :
May they thy Royal Head incircle round,
And ever more with Victory be crown'd.
May You advance Your Conquests in the *East*,
O'er what great *Alexander* once posselt,
And that of mighty *Cæsar* in the *West* :
May You your Arms extend, till th' savage Crew
Neglect their God, the *Sun*, to worship You,

A more Resplendent Sun, than that th'adore,
When they see You, they'll worship it no more.
Proceed, great PRINCE, the mighty Work is done.
The Action's Great, the Difficulties none.
For what is't *English* Valour cannot do,
When led by an illustrious PRINCE; like you?
Whose mighty Fame, throughout the utmost Bounds
Of the capacious Universe resounds.
Where e'er the *Belgick* or the *Brittish* Sails
Advance, the Fame of ORANGE still prevails.
Methinks I see Victorious ORANGE sit
On a Triumphal Chariot of State;
Whilst the *Mahometan* and Christian *Turk*
In Fetters bound beneath with Shame do lurk.
Methinks I see Him mount the Capital,
Whilst trembling *Pope* and Captive Cardinal,
Add to his Triumph, and increase the Show,
And pay the Debt they to his Vertues owe.

There

There in *Jove's* Temples may the Victor lay
His Blooming Laurels, and the Royal Prey,
There to his Name Eternal Trophies raise,
That future Age may celebrate his Praise:
And may he there like young *Augustus* stand,
And see the spacious World at his Command.

F I N I S.

Advertisement.

THere is lately published, *The History of the Nun: or, The Fair Vow-Breaker.* Written by M^r. *A. Lehn.*
Printed for *A. Baskerville*, at the *Bible*, the Corner of *Essex-Street*, against *S^t Clement's-Church*.